

"LATE FORTIES ROCK 'N' ROLL"

Frank C. Hill

"Late Forties Rock 'N' Roll"  
 Copyright 1987 by Frank C. Hill

Side A	Page	Tape Counter	Equalizer Settings				
			1	2	3	4	5
Truck Drivin' Son . . . . .	2	5 58	+7	+3	0	-4	-10
Sweet 'N' Mellow . . . . .	3	60 100	+6	+6	+6	+12	+6
You Take A Nickle . . . . .	3	102 128	+6	+6	+6	+12	+6
Hobos Don't Ride Freight Trains Anymore . . . . .	4	130 178	0	+4	+8	+4	0
D. W. I. . . . .	4	180 216	+8	+4	+2	-2	-4
(You're Just Another) Stuckeys (On The Freeway Of My Life) . . .	5	218 267	0	+4	+6	+8	+6
Life Is Like A Freeway . . . . .	6	269 308	0	+6	+10	+8	+3
Killer Hedge -- by Karen Johnson Willey . . . . .	6	310 338	+4	+8	+8	+8	+8
Legacy . . . . .	7	338 418	+8	+4	-2	+4	-4
Pickin' For Plain Folks . . . . .	8	420 561	+2	0	+5	+8	-3
Slow Cannonball . . . . . Instrumental		563 588	+6	+6	+6	+6	+6
 Side B							
Fast Cannonball . . . . . Instrumental		5 13	+6	+6	+6	+6	+6
Cactus Rose Cafe . . . . .	8	15 42	-2	+4	+6	+6	+4
Call Him A Man . . . . .	9	44 86	0	+4	+5	+3	0
Heavy Load . . . . .	9	88 126	0	+4	+6	+4	0
Hobos Don't Ride Freight Trains Anymore . . . . .	4	128 188	0	+8	+10	+6	0
Lash La Rue Got Busted (By The Highway Patrol) . . . . .	10	190 253	-2	+4	+8	+12	+6
Down On The Rio Grande . . . . .	11	255 302	+2	+6	+8	+6	+2
Luckenbach Goodtime Saturday Night . . . . .	11	304 374	+4	+8	+12	+8	+2
Ain't No Rock 'N' Roll . . . . .	12	376 501	0	+4	+8	+6	+2
Tick Pickin' Time In Texas . . . . .	12	503 557	-4	+2	+4	+6	+8

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Truck Drivin' Son -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

Lord, I ain't no brakeman, I don't ride no trains  
I ain't no brakeman, I don't ride no trains  
But, ev'ry mile I drive this semi  
There's a yodellin' in my brains

My Granddaddy sang them mule skinnin' blues  
My Daddy paid railroad engineers' dues  
They hauled freight 'cross the forty-eight  
In the days before them freeway crews

Chorus: (Lord, y'know that makes) me a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man  
I'm a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man  
Haulin' that freight down the interstate  
In a forty foot twenty ton van

Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas  
Sweet Dallas Texas, Oklahoma  
Colorado and Utah  
Nevada, California, baby I've seen them all

Well, I drive 90 when the limit is 55  
I drive 90 miles an hour -- speed limit's just 55  
Out runnin' that ol' smokey bear  
Lord, I jus' can't take his jive

Chorus: I'm a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man  
I'm a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man  
Haulin' that freight down the interstate  
In a forty foot twenty ton van

I pulled out o' 'Frisco, headin' down that interstate (highway, hey babe, y'goin' my way)  
Said, I pulled out o' 'Frisco, headin' down that interstate (Number 5, Number 8, Number 10 'n' home again)  
I'm goin' home to Georgia  
Baby I won't be late

Don't y'call me on your C.B. - - - if y' got no freight t' haul  
Don't y'call me on your C.B. (radio) if y' got no freight t' haul  
'Cause I'm a high-ballin' red neck trucker  
And I sure do hate to stall

Chorus: I'm a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man ...

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Recorded live at Jerry Housley's club, "The Other Side", Austin, TX, St. Valentine's Day, 1981. Original production  
by (Astrologer) Robert Wilkinson, mix by Rit, at Barrow Pit Studio, Austin, TX. Re-mixed by Frank Hill.

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Sweet 'N' Mellow -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

Laid back 'n' feelin' mellow, blue skies up above  
High 'n' wide o'er the meadow, with the one I love  
Got no plans, no responsibility  
Goin' it alone, workin' to keep it free

Chorus: Gettin' back to the country, livin' slow  
Sweet 'n' mellow feelin' down in my soul

Red sunsets glowin' yellow, colors of my dreams  
Down beside the weeping willow, shadows all in greens  
Warm and real are the good times we have found  
Takin' it easy, both feet on the ground

Chorus:

Golden days 'n' country livin' keep me goin' strong  
No black clouds, no evil sinnin', I know I can't go wrong  
Down to earth, all my ramblin' days are o'er  
It ain't perfect, but you know it's peaceful, Lord

Chorus:

You Take A Nickle -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

My Granddaddy taught me all about life  
And how to handle the trouble and strife  
Said you can pretty much tell 'bout what a man knows  
By the way he handles his dominoes

He taught me to shuffle them bones face-down  
So you don't know what you're drawin' this round  
'N' all your hustle don't make a damn  
You gotta win or lose by the play o' your hand

Chorus: You take a nickle, I'll take a dime  
My down's comin' up next time  
You play the spinner, I'll be the winner  
In this game of dominoes

Now, your double-five gets you ten to begin  
But my blank-five makes it even again  
The double-blank makes you look like a winner  
But my five-four starts to cut-off the spinner

I've got the blank-six, five-six in my hand  
'N' you gotta try 'n' score if you can  
But it's gonna be increasingly hard  
'Cause you gotta keep goin' to the ol' bone yard

Chorus:

You were thirty-five ahead when I dominoed  
But my Granddaddy taught me somethin' you never knowed  
Said don't try to be the fastest gun in the west  
Jus' hang-in 'n' out-last 'em 'n' you'll be the best

'N' when I laid that last bone down  
Why the spots in your hand weighed forty pounds  
Double-six, double-four, six-four 'n' ten more  
Count 'em all up 'n' write down my score

Chorus:

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Hobos Don't Ride Freight Trains Anymore

-- by Frank C. Hill

(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

Chorus: The Orange Blossom Special no longer roars  
Down the Seaboard Line to Miami's shores  
Hobos don't ride freight trains anymore  
The Wabash Cannonball is gone  
There ain't nothin' left but that sad ol' song  
Hobos don't ride freight trains anymore

Out on Interstate 10 there's a panhandler thumbin'  
Wishin' for the days when he was railroad bummin'  
To catch an empty boxcar comin' 'round the curve  
He rode the L & N, Southern, and the Santa Fe  
But you can't hop a freight on the freeway today  
An' this ol' man is losin' all his nerve

Singin' that ol' song 'bout Hobo Billy  
While the rain drives hard and the wind blows chilly  
Looks like he's gonna have to sleep out on the road  
But now he hears that lonesome whistle blow  
See's them drivers churnin' and the headlight's glow  
And that Old Conductor takes him from the cold

Daddy Claxton and Casey Jones  
Wrap a blanket 'round the hobos bones  
Takin' that train to the mountain they gotta climb  
Ain't no side tracks for this mainliner  
'Cause they come back for that ol' timer  
An' pull into the station right on time

Chorus:

Way out west in an old ghost town  
There's a water tank, but its all broke down  
Ain't no yodellin' brakeman hangin' 'round  
A forgotten ol' baggage cart is a-waitin'  
For yesterday's mail down by the station  
'N' hobos don't ride freight trains anymore

No, no, no  
Hobos don't ride freight trains anymore

D. W. I. -- by Frank C. Hill

(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

He was a good ol' boy and a family man  
Proud o' his kids, head of the clan  
They all looked up to him  
When they needed a helpin' hand

It's part of the tragedy of this tale  
That he only spent three nights in jail  
Due process had to let him go  
When the lawyer made his bail

It was a payday, Friday afternoon  
The whole crew down to the local saloon  
Ev'ry one had bought a round or two  
Round or two

When he laid a ten-spot down on the table  
Said, "Boys, that's 'bout all that I'm able  
"Here's a few pitchers on me  
"N' I'll see you when the week-end's through"

Chorus: Pull on the bottle 'n' push on the throttle  
Hit the road lickety split  
Miss the curve an' then you commit  
Manslaughter on the highway  
D. W. I.

Just six years old, playin' in her front yard  
When he hit the brakes, pulled the wheel hard  
But he was already  
Flyin' through the air

Impact throw'd her a hundred forty feet  
He side-swiped a pole, flipped in the street  
Buckled-up for safety  
Jus' normal wear and tear

She was the apple of her daddy's eye  
An' her Mamma ain't even begun to cry  
The lawyer bargained for a wreckless guilty plea  
Guilty plea

Ain't none o' them never gonna fergit  
The sound o' her scream jus' before she was hit  
Not the tear in the preacher's eye when he sang  
"Nearer My God, To Thee"

Chorus:

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Home studio recordings

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(You're Just Another) Stuckeys (On The Freeway Of My Life) -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

I'm the kind o' guy who rambles the freeways of the land  
Wherever I goes I gambles, I'm a ramblin' gamblin' man  
I don't spend my money on wine, women or song  
I eats cheep an' I sleeps in my jeep  
When the mornin' comes, I'm gone

Chorus: So honey, don't get your hopes up too high  
I don't really think that I'm your kind o' guy, and besides  
You look an awful lot like my first wife  
'N' you're just another Stuckeys  
On the freeway of my life

Bridge: Now, Stuckeys never promised no culinary delight  
The eggs're old, the bacon's cold, 'n' the coffee was made last night  
Burgers taste like cardboard, milkshakes 're mighty thin  
I usually lose when I eat or I snooze  
But when I gambles, I always win

It's Interstate 40 to Vegas from that Fort Worth, Texas town  
Been savin' up my wages, gotta lay my money down  
I don't need no Lady Luck to fill that inside straight  
I may be dumb, half a bubble off plumb  
But I'll leave you at the gate

You can't trust your car to the man who wears the star  
'N' you can't trust your body to a girl y' just met in a bar  
Here's one more piece of friendly advice I'll leave before I part  
You been told, to keep the beer real cold  
Put it next to my first wife's heart

Bridge:

Chorus:

You're just another Stuckeys  
You're just another Mc Donald's, Jack In The Box  
You're just another Exxon, Nixon, 'lection  
Ahyatolla, I don't know, I told you so, Mexico ...  
Mexico?  
Why you're just another condominium  
You're just another parkin' lot  
You're just another shoppin' mall, Ma Bell, Taco Bell,  
what the hell  
You're just another road side stand  
You're just another one night stand  
You're just another Stuckeys  
You're just another Stuckeys on the freeway of my life

-----  
Original production by Ky Hote at "Sing Out" Ed Badeaux's studio for Music Ink Sound, Houston, TX.  
Summer, 1983. Re-mix by Frank Hill.

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Life Is Like A Freeway -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

Life is like a freeway, babe  
You're my center stripe  
If you weren't here to steer for me  
I couldn't tell my left from my right hand

Life is like an elevator  
You're my ups an' downs  
If you weren't around to push my buttons  
I could not find the ground floor

Chorus: You're my horizon  
I hope it's not too far  
My sunrise in the mountains  
And my shooting star  
You're the one I'm dreamin' of  
Beneath the big round moon  
The only woman that I love  
And ya -- ya keep my guitar tuned

Life is like an alligator  
You're the one who mans the pump  
If you weren't here to drain this swamp  
Which way would I jump in

Life is like an office job  
You're the one who sets the clock  
If you didn't work from nine to five  
There'd be no cookies in the crock pot

Chorus:

Life is like a rocket ship  
Blastin' off in space  
Without you around for the count down  
I b'lieve I'd lose my place in line

Life is like a freeway, babe  
You're my bright light  
If you dim or go with him  
I won't make it through the night

-----  
Original production by Ky Hote at  
"Sing Out" Ed Badeaux's studio for  
Music Ink Sound, Houston, TX.  
Summer, 1983. Re-mix by Frank Hill.

Killer Hedge -- by Karen Johnson Willey  
(Vocal)

We once had a killer hedge  
It ate our baseballs and our bikes  
Had a whole bunch of little thorns  
And a hand full of long spikes  
It must have been about four feet high  
And almost just as wide  
It grew unchecked in our back yard  
And kept us kids inside

It was planted as protection  
For a yard that never grew  
Anything but cockle burrs  
And some goat-head stickers too  
But Mamma seemed to like it  
For reasons no one knows  
I guess she thought that anything  
With thorns must be a rose

Survival of the fittest  
Was the method entertained  
By Mamma in her vain attempt  
At the horticulture game  
She sowed the seeds and set out plants  
And hoped they had the brains  
To sprout a leaf or grow a root  
And pray to God for rain

She once grew a killer hedge  
It ate our baseballs and our bikes  
Had a whole bunch of little thorns  
And a hand full of long spikes  
It must have been more than four feet tall  
And almost just as wide  
It grew unchecked in our back yard  
And kept us kids inside

-----  
Home studio recording

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Legacy -- by Frank C. Hill

(Vocal with guitar; and piano accompaniment by East Side Flash)

My Granddaddy was a cowboy  
He rode that western range  
Drove cattle north on the Chisholm Trail  
'Til the comin' of the trains  
Fenced in the plains and the prairies  
'N' took the land away from men  
Now there's freeways, towns, 'n' cities  
Everywhere he's been

He was born in Hannibal, Missouri  
In 1849  
Grew up on the Mississippi River  
In them compromisin' times  
Fought for the South in the Civil War  
In the years o' his early teens  
Then blew that steamboat whistle  
Right on down to New Orleans

I heard tales o' nights in jail  
He was a rounder in those days  
'N' its been said that a man is dead  
'Cause o' his rough 'n' rowdy ways  
So he lit out west for Texas  
To try an' find hisself that claim  
But he never would-a made it if he hadn't got a stake  
From Frank and Jesse James

Hooked-up with them longhorn ranchers  
Punchin' cattle for his keep  
Bustin' ponies 'n' breakin' phonies  
Never losin' a wink o' sleep  
Rode from Texas clear to ol' Cheyenne  
'Least that's how the story goes  
Said since Custer fell, ain't nothin' for a man  
'Capt t' plow them furrowed rows

He was already old when I came along  
In the deep years of depression  
But the songs that he sang and the stories he told  
Etched lifelines of impression  
Showed me that rifle that he won in Dodge  
An' made me a rubber gun  
He'd go vis'tin' some ol' Indian lodge  
While I played with Lone Wolf's grandson

We'd ride all day 'n' camp all night  
Catch a big catfish for breakfast  
He'd tell me 'bout them Cajun Queens down in New Orleans  
Who used to get him arrested  
He played dominoes 'n' picked guitar  
Pitched horse shoes 'n' nearly always won  
But sometimes the look in his eye asked why  
Is everyone on the run?

'Course, he's been gone a long time now  
Since the summer I was 'leven  
One day it jus' come his time, almost ninety-nine  
In 1947  
'N' through the years as I recollect  
All the mem'ries and the dreams  
I gotta follow that trail where a man must fail  
With his high-falootin' schemes

My Granddaddy was a cowboy  
He always thought he'd win  
Now there's freeways, towns, 'n' cities  
Everywhere he's been

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Recorded at Trail's End Studio, Austin, TX, May 1987. Produced by East Side Flash. Mixed by Frank Hill.



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Pickin' For Plain Folks -- by Frank C. Hill

(Vocal with guitar; "Amazing Bass" by Mark Williams;  
Background Campfire Choir and accompaniment: Brian  
Cutean, Jim Hancock, Ky Hote, Pretty Patty Peebles,  
and the "Original Crickets")

Chorus: Somebody's gotta pick for the plain folks  
On banjo or guitar  
Somebody's gotta pick for the plain folks  
So y'all'll know you're the star  
And we don't need no fancy melody  
Hot licks don't make the song  
If somebody will pick for the plain folks  
Everybody can sing along

Life is like a circle  
An' there's two sides to every line  
If you ain't nothin' but jus' plain folks  
You're welcome inside o' mine  
I don't give a damn 'bout the color of a man  
Your politics or the length o' your hair  
It's your heart 'n' your ear 'n' your voice risin' clear  
That puts music in the air

Chorus:

Everybody enjoys a festival  
Of music, crafts and fun  
And Texas is the original  
Home of the son of a gun  
So break out the fiddles an' bar-b-que  
'N' your big hat for shade from the sun  
The opening act has been introduced  
And the music has just begun

Chorus:

Oh, there'll be plenty of brand new tunes  
Whether rain or a bright silver moon  
An ice cold beer or a coffee cup  
When you wake up about noon  
Armadillos 'n' red necks  
As we sway to and fro  
Generations of Texas gathered  
For a family show

Chorus:

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Original production by Ky Hote at "Sing Out" Ed Badeaux's studio for  
Music Ink Sound, Houston, TX. Summer, 1983. Previously released on  
Ky Hote's tape, "Stone Soup", 1984. Re-mix by Frank Hill.

Slow Cannonball -- Traditional; arranged by Frank C. Hill  
Fast Cannonball -- Traditional; arranged by Frank C. Hill  
(Guitar instrumentals)

Cactus Rose Cafe -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

Faded pink, faded green, painted neon desert scene  
Glowing in the half light of reflected smoky dreams  
Busted luck, rusted truck, stuck beside the concrete rut  
Glaring in the bright light of an eighteen-wheeler's beam

Chorus: Easy off, easy on, gas 'n' eats, then you're gone  
Fill the tank, check the tires, hold the mayonnaise  
On that double cheese 'n' Dr. Pepper  
Cactus Rose, she ain't no stepper  
Truckin' down the back stretch  
Of her tomato and lettuce days

High tech steel, polished chrome, back-lit plastic bubble dome  
Blaring out the rhythm of an old Hank Williams song  
Beside the interstate, Cactus Rose, bypassed by fate  
Too slow for the fast lane, broken down and all alone

Bridge: Leon's Wrecker Service  
Tows broke down tourists off the road  
New Yorkers get some nervous  
In this God-forsaken hole

Chorus:

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Home studio recordings

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Call Him A Man -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

You can call him a cowboy, sod-buster or plowboy  
Any handle that fits when you work on the land  
Cash crops 'n' cattle 'n' homesteads 'n' saddles  
He's the last of his kind, so just call him a man

In nineteen and seven when the range was still Heaven  
Grasses so deep and horizons so wide  
A man built his dreams on his visions of springtime  
A home in the valley for himself and his bride

Through sunsets 'n' cactus 'n' lifetimes of practice  
He rides through the pages of time  
Rich in tradition with a poor man's condition  
Lucky if he owns a dime

The years of depression left a blazing impression  
River banks 'n' bankers both ran dry  
The dust got all his dreams and the summer sun screams  
You're too young to be old, too proud to wonder why

His pickup replaces dirt road ruts 'n' traces  
Buckboards and singletree wagons  
But he still keeps his horses, 'cause they help him,  
of course  
Whenever he goes to braggin'

His autumn years find him all alone and behind him  
Are the dreams that he'll never fulfill  
But he always enjoys a beer with the boys  
Their lives re-enforce each others' free will

His body is sun-burnt; he's bawdy 'n' un-learn't  
His wisdom is that of the sage  
He wears chaps on his legs, but his thoughts never beg  
To undo the losses of age

His whoopie-ti-yi-yo, it's a-gettin' kind-a slow  
As it blends with the wrinkles and the grey  
But his visions of freedom, and the outlaws who cheat 'em  
Are still clear as the crystals on his winter's day

With spirit unbroken, heard but unspoken  
Like the winds that come from the cold  
With smoke from ol' chimneys, 'n' shadows of mem'ries  
Blowin' south toward Old Mexico

So just call him a cowboy ... (repeat first verse)

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Home studio recordings

Heavy Load -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

I don't know where you are tonight  
I don't know if you are alright  
And that's a heavy load on my mind

You walked into my life, said you need to have a friend  
I thought it'd be alright, it don't matter where you been  
'N' that simple magic touch of acceptance from the start  
Has come to mean so much  
In the mem'ry that my heart keeps of you  
In the mem'ry that my heart keeps of you

Love is so impossible, I can't be responsible  
For the ways that you feel about me  
But if we'll give it time enough  
Perhaps it won't be quite so rough  
To find a place where life will let our love be free  
To find a place where life will let our love be free

Freedom's such a holy word, I can't be always ridin' herd  
On those who only seek security  
Some things a man can't compromise  
My soul, my pride 'n' your lovin' eyes 'n'  
These times that separate you from me  
These times that separate you from me

I once heard a wise man say life is like a baseball game  
I guess you are the shortstop in my all time hall of fame  
If I were a carpenter or a mason from old time  
I'd put my hero face on and  
All the bells would chime just for you  
All the bells would chime just for you

But I don't know where you are tonight  
I don't know if you are alright  
And that's a heavy load on my mind

Hobos Don't Ride Freight Trains Anymore -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment -- a newer recording of the  
same song on Side A)

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Lash La Rue Got Busted (By The Highway Patrol) -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar; "Amazing Bass" by Mark Williams;  
Synthesizer by Ed Badeaux; 2nd Lead Guitar by Ky Hote)

Lash La Rue go busted by the Highway Patrol  
Cracked his whip an' he shot from the hip  
But he couldn't keep it under control  
When they searched his car, they found pot  
Said, "Lash, you 'n' your stash been caught!"  
An' that's how Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

Lash La Rue was an' ol' time cowboy hero o' mine  
I used to watch him in the picture show  
Back when it only cost a dime  
With Tex 'n' Gene 'n' the Cisco Kid  
I used to get off on the things they did  
Before Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

Lash La Rue said to the judge, "Please hear my alibi.  
"Your Honor, I don't smoke marijuana;  
"I've never even been high!  
"But I picked up a hitchhiker on the road  
"Never asked her bag; never asked her load.  
"And that's why Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol."

Last Chance Sue was a-talkin' to herself as she hung out her thumb  
She was scared ol' Lash would flash  
But leavin' that stash was dumb  
The ol' fart's eyes got wet 'n' blinky  
But the trip with the whip was jus' too damn kinky  
So, Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

Bridge: When Lash La Rue got busted, he sort o' lost control  
His pride no longer trusted, he stared into his soul  
Was it marijuana that almost did him in?  
Or did he only wanna get his kicks again?

Lash La Rue's last movie was in 1946  
The black hat he wore was groovy, but his horse didn't do tricks  
With his trusty side-kick, Fuzzy St. John  
They could really get it on  
Chasin' bad guys to the settin' sun  
Like Buster Crabbe and Tom Mix

Yeah, Lash La Rue got busted, but the judge let him go  
An' Last Chance Sue hitched another ride  
With a biker down to Mexico  
When they set him free, he showed 'em trick shots  
Made that bullwhip crack and pop  
After Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

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Original production by Ky Hote at "Sing Out" Ed Badeaux's studio for Music Ink Sound, Houston, TX.  
Summer, 1983. Previously released on Ky Hote's tape, "Stone Soup", 1984. Re-mix by Frank Hill.

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Down On The Rio Grande -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar; Hound Dog Dobro  
by East Side Flash)

I get my cowboy boots in Study Butte  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Sing a little song in Castolon  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Eatin' fajitas in Lajitas  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Drink Cuervo Gold with Uncle Joe  
Down on the Rio Grande

Chorus: Down on the Rio Grande  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Lord, I love to linger in ol' Terlingua  
(Last Chorus: Viva Terlingua)  
Down on the Rio Grande

Lost and found in an old ghost town  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Horny toads and old dirt roads  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Dogies bawl; 'dobie walls  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Ain't no gringos on the radios  
Down on the Rio Grande

Chorus:

A cowboy's life sure is nice  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Hug and a-kiss-a from sweet Carissa  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Make my dough at the rodeo  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Championship chili; no Waylon 'n' Willie  
Down on the Rio Grande

Chorus:

Cinnebar mines and Pinon Pines  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Silver spurs and saddle burrs  
Down on the Rio Grande  
High in the Chisos, gazin' through The Window  
Down on the Rio Grande  
Armadillo jammin' 'n' Jalapeno Sam  
Down on the Rio Grande

Last Chorus:

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Recorded at Trail's End Studio, Austin, TX, May 1987. Produced by East Side Flash. Mixed by Frank Hill.

Luckenbach Goodtime Saturday Night -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar; Hound Dog Dobro  
by East Side Flash)

Oh well, it's been ten years since Hondo died  
And we laid his soul to rest  
And that song that Waylon 'n' Willie tried  
We turn down that request  
The Good Lord knows how the sheriff cried  
Now she's back tendin' bar  
Through it all, we kept our pride,  
Dancing beneath the stars

Chorus: Goin' to Luckenbach Saturday night  
'N' dance with Gary P.  
Sing them "London Homesick Blues"  
They're as blue as me  
Two step, M'Lady, all around  
That hundred year old hall  
Luckebach goodtime Saturday night  
'N' I'm bouncin' off the wall

City life in San Antone  
Sure can be a drag  
'N' them lawyers over to Austin  
Ain't got much room to brag  
Some peace of mind while I unwind  
On them Farm To Market Roads  
Hey! This is it: no microchip  
The best I've ever knowed

Chorus:

Pull in early in the afternoon  
So I can get my fill  
If Ken won't play no dominoes  
Armond Engle will  
Just a friendly game, no championship  
Like they have in Hallettsville  
Sing a few songs 'n' drink a few beers  
Brother, that's a thrill

Chorus:

Luckenbach goodtime Saturday night  
'N' I'm bouncin', bouncin', bouncin', bouncin'  
Bouncin' off the wall

"Late Forties Rock 'N' Roll"  
Copyright 1987 by Frank C. Hill

Ain't No Rock 'N' Roll -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Recitation followed by vocal with guitar;  
Hound Dog Dobro by East Side Flash)

Bridge: Jez luvs dem ol' Greezy & Asleep  
Are the kinds of wheels that keep on  
Truckin' down the backroads of my mind  
Commander's lost in space  
Planet Earth is losin' the race  
And soon there won't be room for our kind

Chorus: Ain't no rock 'n' roll  
At the Armadillo  
World Headquarters of Texas music sound  
Hardly nothin' left  
But sweet dreams of Jerry Jeff  
And ghosts of our Lost Gonzos haunting ground

You could not write them all  
On the bricks of City Hall  
The names of the pickers who played your fav'rite songs  
They took the deepest part  
Of my Lone Star Texas Heart  
And every Cosmic Cowboy knows that's wrong

But we had ten good strong years  
Now there's nothin' we're bound to fear  
Makes no difference if you lose or if you win  
Our time is yet to come  
It won't matter where you're from  
Together, we'll all be found in the ozone again

Chorus:

Bridge:

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Recorded at Trail's End Studio, Austin, TX,  
May 1987. Produced by East Side Flash.  
Mixed by Frank Hill.

Tick Pickin' Time In Texas -- by Frank C. Hill  
(Vocal with guitar accompaniment)

When it's tick pickin' time in Texas  
Ticks pickin' all over me  
One even had the gall to bite the ball o' my foot  
An' that's an awful hard place to scratch

They'll crawl up the leg o' your blue jeans  
And bite you on the cheek  
They'll nest in your hair, raise a family there  
And leave you with the heart break of psoriasis

Chorus: Yippee-ti-yi-ticky  
Yippee-ti-yo-picky  
Aw, pickin' them ticks off of me

Two got in my baby's brassiere  
Put the bite on my love life  
So I sprinkled her bust with Sevin Dust  
Now, everything's back to normal

You say the only good tick is a dead one  
But it ain't necessarily so  
'Cause I got a notion, stock in Calamine Lotion  
'S gonna put them little suckers to work for me

Chorus:

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Recorded live at Jerry Housley's club, "The Other Side",  
Austin, TX, St. Valentine's Day, 1981. Original production  
by "Astrologer" Robert Wilkinson, mix by Rit, at Barrow Pit  
Studio, Austin, TX. Re-mix by Frank Hill.

YOU

THANK